

February 1921

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Aussie

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Cheerful
Monthlies

FLATS
TO LET
TENANTS
WITH
CHILDREN
NOT
ACCEPTED



THE SMUGGLERS.

Aussie THE WAR WANDERINGS OF AN AUSSIE GIRL.

By KATHLEEN USSHER.

(Illustrations by the Author.)
My wanderings started early in 1915, when I left Chicago (where I had been drawing illustrations for B. D. Berry and Co.'s writing books), and journeyed to England for the purpose of war-working in one way or another. I spent some time mind-ing the office of the Aussie Navy at the time when the material and parts for the Ade-laide were being inspected and shipped, giving my evenings and odd moments to the Green Cross, a Corps which supplied women orderlies to hospitals, supply depots and soldiers' accommodation houses. Then one day volunteers were called for for Endell-street Military Hospital. I was lured away from the Aussie Navy Office to empty dust-bins, stoke the incinerator, and carry in shattered Aussies, Jocks and Tommies on stretchers from the ambulance convoys. The dust-bin job called for a complete disguise in the form of a black apron with sleevelets, and a red (hospital issue) handkerchief—something between a swashbuckling pirate and a Phrygian maid.

There came one day to our little fold at Endell-street another Green Crosser, lately returned from Roumania, where she had combined the duties of interpreter and



"Dragomir was about to run a knife into poor old Greco."

Immediately after my arrival at Saloniki I was thrust into a ward with seven French patients and eleven Serbs, the latter poor, fever-racked frameworks of men, and it took all my tact and ingenuity to keep the peace between the nations. Although a simple and affectionate folk, the Serbs are quick to anger. Especially so was Dragomir, the *boinichen* (orderly) in my ward. We took in an old Greek carpenter one day who had chopped his toe. There is no love lost between Serbs and Greeks, and one night the Sister came on duty to find Dragomir was about to run a knife into poor old Greco. Greco must have got the wind up badly, for his bed was empty the next morning.

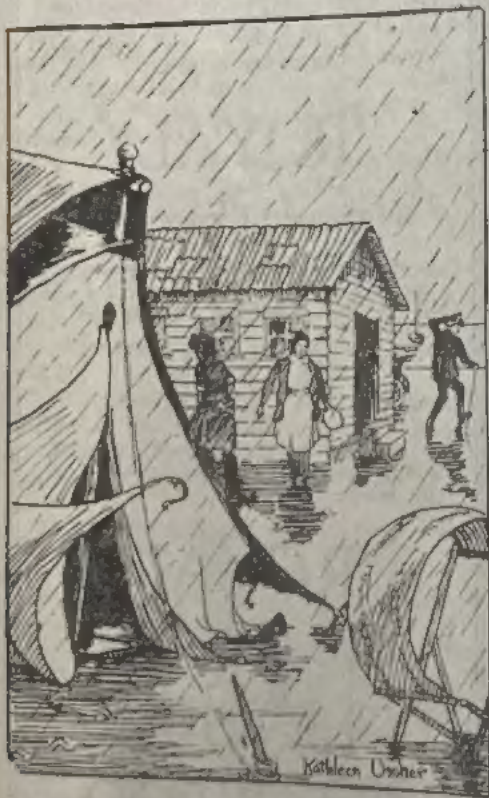
Then one day came the Deluge. Tents blew down, and the wrecks of deck chairs everywhere stuck disconsolately out of the mud. A visiting Admiral carried us off in batches of ten for bath and breakfast on board his yacht. One day an M.O. visitor waited dejectedly in the swaying orderly tent for a tardy damsel, but his courage failed him when the tent left its moorings and keeled over into the mud. The Navy thought it high time to withdraw to a dry place at sea.

On my return to England from Saloniki, in February, 1918, I joined up with the "Wrens" (Women's Royal Naval Service), and after working for a while at the Recruiting H.Q. in the spacious ballroom of Lord Donoughmore's house in Mayfair (where my office boasted two grand pianos) I was shipped to Gibraltar with the first unit to be sent abroad. We crossed the Spanish border at Irun, paused a day in Madrid, and then went south to Ronda, our tracks winding high above the river-bed, where blossomed the oleanders and pome-granate trees.

The customary cloud, or *levant*, hung over the Rock as we approached it from Alge-ciras, but my heart warmed at the sight of my native gums and pepper-trees.

The brightest day for me was when the Brisbane looked in for twenty-six hours, and we were bidden to a ball at Government House that night.

A few days later I left the Rock on the American transport *Minnesota*, bound for New York, where I was considerably de-mobbed by the Admiralty to enable me to meet my family on the way from England to Australia.



When the Navy withdrew to a dry place at sea.

motor-driver to a unit of Scottish women, arriving just in time for the retreat. Her thrilling adventures, coupled with the fact that a fellow-Aussie, Miles Franklin, was going out to Macedonia also with the Scot-tish, decided me to offer for overseas ser-vice with the same unit, and I was accepted. The two chauffeurs of the party went on ahead, and a red-headed orderly and I fol-lowed the next day.

We had a remarkable chase across France and Italy after the two ever-vanishing chauffeurs, and finally overtook them at Ta-ranto. Then followed a five-days' journey across the Aegean Sea in an Italian trans-port.



Toppers at a Match.

Just imagine the laughter which greet the test teams if they wore toppers and side wh

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